

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 7.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

POSTAL communication between London and Central Africa is at present rather slow and infrequent. We must not complain, therefore, if our intelligence, whether about events in which we take a lively interest, or from friends whom we dearly love, should reach us only by dribbles, and after long delay. It is accordingly very gratifying that some news has arrived within the last few days, giving the "whereabouts" and announcing the safety of Dr. Livingstone. When examined it turns out to be not very new "news," the date being July of last year—1868. As it is, however, it brings tidings more than twelve months later than anything which had reached us previously in an authentic form. Hitherto the latest trustworthy tidings of our much-valued African explorer were more than two years old. We now learn that so lately as July twelvemonth he was in good health and spirits, and in a quarter whence his return to civilised land and the meetings of the Geographical Society was at once easy and expeditious. This is in every way satisfactory, and we hope that Sir Roderick Murchison may have his last wish fulfilled. But we regret to notice that Dr. Livingstone—so his letter states—has discovered another "source of the Nile," and this "between ten and twelve degrees of south latitude." If this discovery is correct the "River of Egypt" must be a few hundred miles longer than anybody has hitherto believed. The discovery, if such it really is, presents some factitious interest, but has no practical value whatever, and we hope that an experienced traveller like Dr. Livingstone will neither have spent time nor encountered risk in needlessly tracing it out.

At length—and not an hour too soon—the public are informed that the Liberal Government do not, at all events for the present, intend to release their Fenian prisoners. This resolve has been announced in a formal message from Mr. Gladstone to a body which calls itself the "Limerick Amnesty Association." The news is gratifying—not that we have the slightest hope that the "association" will be forthwith dissolved, or the movement "checked," or Mr. GEORGE HENRY MOORE induced to hold his tongue. These nuisances have grown and flourished, and will continue to flourish, and we must put up with the infliction as best we can. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that there is not to be a general galloping of Fenian convicts just yet. But the question occurs whether this "movement" would have begun at all if it had not been for the language and policy of Her Majesty's Ministers? Had they not shown their disposition to be lenient towards crime in general, and to coquet with Fenianism in particular, should we have had all their rhetorical, if not material shillelaghs flourished about our heads? Would peaceable Londoners be called on to endure, as on Sunday, a long-drawn procession of "amnestors"—if such a title is appropriate—and be even now preparing to endure a repetition of the nuisance next Sunday on a much larger scale? It is no discredit to a Ministry to receive and to reject innumerable requests any more than it is in disparagement to a lady who has declined many "offers." But everything depends upon the nature of the proffer and the conduct of the parties. "He comes too near who comes to be denied." When this is said it points to more than one foregone conclusion. The suit must be more or less dishonourable, while the suitor might have been encouraged by a demeanour more or less questionable. This is applicable to Governments just as much as to "girls." Even as it is, we are not

assured that the Ministerial "No" is positive and final. The friends of the Fenians need not lose all heart and hope. Let them ask again and perhaps they will get a more agreeable answer if they only "ask prettily." It is one consolation to believe that, judging from their antecedents, they really don't know how to do it.

Chief among the domestic questions of the day is the controversy now pending between the Metropolitan public and the Metropolitan Police. As usual, in such cases, there is much to be said on both sides; and in point of fact much has been said on both sides. In its present condition the action would be set forth as that of Public v. Police, and therefore according to legal procedure the plaintiff's case must be stated first. For the "Public" it is accordingly argued—that they pay heavily for the maintenance of the "force," upon the implied understanding that certain services are rendered in return; that these services are very imperfectly rendered; that the police are absent or apathetic when their interposition is required; and that they are over-busy at times or places where they were not wanted at all. In short, it is plumply asserted that on many well-known "beats" the policeman reverses the normal condition of his existence. Instead of being a terror to evil-doers, his appearance alarms only the honest, though perhaps slightly erratic wayfarers. The wrong-doers fear him not, since they have long since found out how he can be "dodged" or "squared."

Some very curious incidents have been adduced in support of the plaintiff's case. One of the funniest of these is told in a letter printed a few days since in one of our daily contemporaries. The writer, according to his own account, is a respectable householder, paying taxes and rates, the police rate, of course, among the rest. Unexpectedly returning home at ten o'clock one night, he found his house locked up, and his servants "absent without leave." Not wishing to remain outside in the street, and under a pouring rain, he sent for a locksmith and a ladder, and broke into his own house. The operation took more than half an hour to accomplish. It was, to all outward semblance, "flat burglary as ever was committed;" but no policeman came near the place during the whole time, so that if, instead of its being an honest householder obtaining admission into his own domicile, it had been some "ticket-of-leaver" forcing entrance for larcenous purposes, the official protectors of person and property were "conspicuous for their absence," not to say more, and the felons would have had ample time to turn the little job neatly out of hand.

Another instance, not of the absence, but of the incapacity of the force, is shown in the disappearance, the long concealment, and final recovery of the child stolen by its nurse from Colonel Hickie at Maidenhead. Here, then, was no lack of zeal. Indeed, a reward of 100*l.*, or even less, will make the policemen everywhere marvellously zealous; and it was confidently declared that by the agency of a detective force, keen of scent, and practically ubiquitous, a very short time would elapse before the fugitive would be traced, and the interesting captive restored to its sorrowing parents. However, ten days passed by without a result, and when the secret was at last revealed, the discovery was not due to the acumen of their trained detectives in any way. It was, indeed, not police, but Press "ubiquity," which really did the business. A newspaper containing full description of the missing "parties" found its way where the detectives had never thought of going, namely, into the Liverpool lodging-house where the absconding nursemaid had taken refuge. The

landlord's daughter was sharp enough to discover the resemblance, and then to give proper notice at the police-station. We only hope she will get the reward in full, to which she is clearly entitled. At all events, the police have no claim to a farthing, and the only person morally justified in expecting even the smallest share is the newspaper editor. But we do not anticipate any requisition from that quarter.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Paris, Oct. 21st, 1869.

THE Emperor, who appears to be taking his *revanche* after his long and tedious seclusion, was out shooting yesterday in the preserves of the park of Compiègne. His Majesty was accompanied by the whole of the Cabinet Council. Six hundred head of game was killed in two hours; the greater proportion—(and this from skill—not Court etiquette)—falling to His Majesty's breech-loader. General Fleury's departure for Russia is delayed, and he will not join his Embassy till after the Convocation of the Chambers. The Prince de Metternich, who got a nasty cut on the arm, in a duel with sabres, from M. de Beaumont, the other day, is going on well; and M. de Beaumont, who has now fought three duels, and has, it is said, six more engagements of the same interesting character to fulfil before his honour, after his own idea, can be satisfied, is keeping his future antagonists in suspense as to which of them he will favour with his first attentions. Another meeting also took place on Monday between M. Aurelian Scholl, the witty writer of the *Figaro*, and M. Lemot, a clever artist and caricaturist. The cause of the duel was a somewhat grotesque sketch of the former drawn by the latter. M. Scholl, not considering the portrait flattering, sent a challenge to M. Lemot, and the result was an awkward thrust in the stomach, from which M. Aurelian is now suffering, but which the doctors do not consider very dangerous. M. Duemaps has a clever and interesting article in *Le Reve des Deux Mondes* on the prisons of France, and among the facts related, is one that must be most interesting to all ladies of the period *apropos* of chignons. It would appear that all the hair found among the refuse in the streets of Paris is carefully collected by the *cheffonniers* and taken by them to St. Pélagie, where it is cleaned, sorted, and arranged by the prisoners, and afterwards by the skilful manipulation of the hairdressers of the city converted into those wonderful modern inventions termed chignons. May one not paraphrase Hamlet and exclaim:—

Imperial Eugénie when her hair is combed
Has many stray hairs to the dust-bin doomed,
Cast from the palace p'traps to shine again
On Cora's poll to lure some ardent swain.

The *International* has a characteristic piece of cross-examination that really took place at a police-office the other day.

Officer of the Court to a witness.—Come now, be serious. What is your religion?

Witness.—The true one.

Officer.—Again, sir, I ask, what is your religion?

Witness.—That of my mother.

Officer.—And what is your mother's?

Witness.—*Eau de Vie*, which she always likes in her tea.

President.—Witness, you are abusing the patience of the Court.

Officer.—Come, sir, answer properly.

Witness.—Not to you under any circumstances.
Officer.—I ask you, if you found yourself on the bed of death, who would you send for?

Witness.—Doctor Growlin.

President.—Witness, if you do not answer properly and without equivocation I will have you removed for contempt of Court.

Officer.—Now answer properly. What are your opinions?—I repeat, what are your religious opinions?

Witness.—Well, the same as those of my landlord.

President.—Again!

Officer.—Well, then, tell us what are the opinions of your landlord.

Witness.—His opinion is that I have no intention of paying him the six months I owe him for rent, and that is exactly my opinion.

President.—This ridiculous scene has lasted too long. I insist on your answering my question. Are you of the Roman Catholic religion, or not?

Witness.—I am.

Officer.—Why did you not answer this at once?

Witness.—Then, why? Because you never asked me.

Not a bad story is told of the labourer who had just left his master's vineyards, and who had partaken rather too freely of the generous juices. Reeling along the narrow, crooked street of Cormeilles, and knocking his knees and elbows against every door, while tightly clutching a bottle of last year's Vin d'Argenteuil in his hand, all at once he stumbles over a stone. Quickly recovering himself with a hiccup, he addresses the bottle he is holding, "There now (hiccup), did you see that?" "Voyez vous ça? Ça n'a pas un an d'age, et ça voudrait renverser un homme de quarante cinq ans sonnés? Plus souvent! A moi la muraille."

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

DR. ARMSTRONG.*

"I am going to write the story of my life as it really has been—a true record of my sins and follies conscientiously and unreservedly told." Such is the promise of the author of *Dr. Armstrong* in the opening sentence of her autobiography. Now, the author of *Friends in Council* says—"Could you have the life of any man portrayed to you, sundrawn as it were, its hopes, its fears, its revolutions of opinion in each day, its most anxious wishes attained and then perhaps crystallising into its blackest regrets, such a work would go far to contain all histories, and be the greatest lesson of love, humility and tolerance that men had ever read." A promise of this kind, therefore, it is evidently no easy task to fulfil; but still the attempt at such a confession is inviting, and we settle ourselves in our arm-chairs by the fire, or on our green bench under the shadiest tree in the garden, with a full determination to be interested. The story is a love story, and that is a good thing—for as love is the first and final cause of everything that happens to everybody, or, in the words of a French author, "Aimer, c'est quelque chose, tout le reste n'est rien"—there is sure to be a responsive chord touched in the heart of every reader. Our authoress plunges at the very onset in *medias res*, and that is another good thing; she does not weary us with preliminaries, with genealogies, with childish experiences or girlish follies, but she introduces herself to us at once as a woman over whom hangs some mysterious misfortune, embittering her life, but yet she does not exasperate us at any crisis of her fate with sentimental complainings. The whole book, indeed, is unencumbered with morbid attempts upon our sympathy—she is signally free from all affection and hypocrisy, and even when she has parted by an act of her own free will from all she loves in life, she is so far from courting sympathy or admiration that she declares it not to be love, but the "irresponsibility of a woman's aimless existence, the want of work, action—in plain, prosaic English, *ennui*—which is killing her by inches." The more sentimental of her readers may possibly be inclined to doubt the truth of so matter-

of-fact a confession, and we ourselves must be permitted to think that the patient may have mistaken her symptoms. When a great love has to be banished out of a life, hope and energy become extinct, at least for a time. A listless despair is the natural and unavoidable consequence of torture so extreme. There is no more action possible when the mainspring is broken; but still we cannot help admiring the reserve which will not

"Wear its heart upon its sleeve
For daws to peck at."

Almost the prettiest chapters in the book are devoted to the idolising affection lavished by his sister, and by a little delicate girl whom his skill has twice rescued from the jaws of death, upon Dr. Armstrong—an affection not to be wondered at from the portraiture given of him as "a man whose virtues far outnumbered his vices," indeed, the existence of those passions where-with Nature has in a greater or less degree endowed us all, deserves the harsh name of vice." We have given but a brief glimpse at the story, as we would not forestall the pleasure of our readers, to whom we can heartily recommend it; but we cannot help wishing that it had a happier end. It is harrowing to dwell upon the gradual and only too certain inroads of disease and decay, but even here there are no painful and unnecessary details; our authoress does not linger upon the days of her desolation, but rather loves to dwell upon the memories of love and perfect happiness, although

"Herself could almost take,
The place of him who sleeps in peace."

London Lyrics.

No. VI.

A CITY HYMN.

COLD dinners so painfully vexing,
Matton killed and cooked all in an hour,
Strange pies of a nature perplexing,
Heavy bread that knows nothing of flour,—
They are vanished, they live but in stories,
Dim dreams of dyspepsia and pain,
And we bask in the gleam of thy glories,
Our Lady of Gain.

Seven companies own me director,
I hold shares seven hundred times seven;
Life began as a mere tax collector,
I'm now fit for society's heaven.
Fat premiums and famishing discounts,
I have them both under control,
And the cunningest dowager that is, counts
Me rich on the whole.

O plate that is all silver gilded!
O turtle the clear and the thick!
O house in Belgravia that's builded
Of stone, not of stucco and brick!
O mystical man from the gutter
That has risen and bears not a stain,
Thy praises he seeks now to utter,
Our Lady of Gain!

O lips full of lies and of laughter—
White lies that don't trouble the breast,—
What matter though truth may come after,
When once I have feathered my nest?
My principles are of elastic,
My creed it is simple and short,
My conscience is tenderly plastic,
With humility fraught.

We are pale, and are wearied with toiling,
Thou art bright, with a bloom on thy cheek;
Thy nature delights but in spoiling,
Thy parents a Jew and a Greek.
We may play with light loves for a short time,
And build pretty castles in Spain,
But thy frown shadows over our sport time,
Our Lady of Gain.

Love is all very well while it ranges,
Butterfly-like, from flower to flower;
Beauty's only skin deep, and it changes
To wrinkles and rouge in an hour.
Thou only art real, and ne'er feignest
To be what thou never hast been,
And proudly and grandly thou reignest
The great City's Queen.

As we gaze on thee grow we more fond, sweet
Goddess, nor deem we it strange
To quit loafings and loungings in Bond-street
For rowdies and riskings on 'Change;
Those are nought when thy foot on the floor is,
These to worship thee struggle and strain,
Where thou art no trouble nor bore is,
Our Lady of Gain.

There are mines, it may be, to discover,
New banks and fresh projects to float;
Thou canst find work for every true lover
Who would sink in gold up to his throat;
There's a spell in the name of prospectus,
Magic in a whisper of shares;
The public cry, "Only direct us,
We know not of bears!"

Ah! alluring and beautiful body,
That never was cursed with a heart!
What odds though thy kisses be bloody,
And the ruined man writhes 'neath thy smart?
All golden the shrine we adore is,
We pray not with heart, but with brain,
We worship thy jewels and thy glories,
Our Lady of Gain.

As our efforts relax and redouble
With the broker, the dealer, the buyer,
We laugh at the risk and the trouble,
We grow hardened in thy luscious fire;
We turn the official list pages,
Price currents we eagerly scan;
You can't eat your cake, say the sages,
And have it: we can.

Hast thou whispered of humbug the last time,
And hinted a secret to one?
We speculate freely for pastime,
And care not if thousands are done.
Inexhaustible ever thy store is;
To follow thee still are we fain;
O sanguine and subtle thy war is,
Our Lady of Gain.

By the hunger for show and sensation,
By the thirst for an opera stall,
By the wish for an M.P.'s ovation,
By the love of a club in Pall-mall,
The delight that goads on the desire,
With the sweetest of luxury fraught;
By the passion for scenic blue fire,
By a levée at Court,

By the carriage and invaluable horses,
By the mansion in Grosvenor-square,
By the dinners unnumbered in courses,
By the wines that are precious and rare,
By devotion that never can falter,
By the powers in thy service I strain,
I adjure thee, bless me from thy altar,
Our Lady of Gain.

Don't smile as a woman disdaining
A youth who is known as a muf,
For I come to thee boldly, not feigning
That of wealth I can e'er have enough;
Not a scruple in my bosom lodges,
No fraud my brown locks has uncured,
I am up to the sharpest of dodges—
I'm a man of the world.

I have passed the apprenticeship awful;
What a man may dare do that I dare.
What care though my deeds be unlawful,
'O! Our Lady of Pleasure, what care?
All thine every bill that I draw is,
And to thee my last glass I will drain,
To every doubt all I say, Pshaw! is,
Our Lady of Gain.

All thine the new suits from my tailor,
And thine all my wine merchants' bills,
And I laugh at the gaol and the gaoler,
And all the new bankruptcy bills.
I fly high, and no measures can catch me
No more than the foam of the sea,
False honesty ne'er shall detach me,
Sweet Lady, from thee.

All thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
All crown'd with an aureole of gold,
Have found out the secret to cozen
The public that's bought and is sold;
We alone, we are wise, and none other;
Triumphant we follow thy train,
O my uncle, grandfather, grandmother,
Our Lady of Gain.

* Dr. Armstrong: An Autobiography. Newby.

For life, though 'tis short, should be merry,
We have all to come down with the dust,
You can't take two bites at a cherry;
Nor the next life entirely on trust.
Time turns our old faiths to derision,
Blooming misses to troublesome wives,
And babies and bills make division,
And bother our lives.

And sick of the past we draw nigh thee,
And satiate with hum-drum delight,
We know how all preachers belie thee,
And we smile at their pitiful spite.
Ventures fail, but we quickly recover,
All we fear is thy wrath and disdain,
For daring and brave is thy lover,
Our Lady of Gain.

Convinced that all virtues are vices,
And that honesty is but a curse,
To the jingle of gold that entices,
I took thee for better or worse.
And that clinking of sovereigns has sounded
Since boldly I went in to win,
And business and profits abounded—
Then where is the sin?

Jones listens, and paler than ashes
He timidly goes to invest;
He is foolishly nervous of smashes,
And thinks that low interest is best.
Thou shalt soothe him with premiums prodigious,
Where bonus and dividends reign;
Thou shalt point to thy leaders religious,
Our Lady of Gain.

Thou shalt blind his dull eyes with thy lustre,
And calm with crisp bank-notes his thoughts;
He will listen to brag and to bluster,
And believe in rose-coloured reports.
All the daytime he spends in the City,
In his dreams he is dabbling in shares,
Soon reckless he grows, not a bit he
Thinks of bulls or of bears.

Thou shalt whisper that his true vocation
Lies in Lombard-street and in Cornhill;
Thou shalt flatter each bold speculation,
And softly persuade with a bill;
Thou shalt teach that his work to adore is
Thy shrine and ne'er self to restrain;
O, given in gold all thy lore is,
Our Lady of Gain.

In a carriage with soft springs, ne'er shaken,
He through park and through Regent-street
glides;
Ne'er by peer nor by squire overtaken,
In the Row on a thoroughbred rides.
But proud in the pomp of his paces,
And doing the whole thing in style,
He complacently eyes the fair faces,
And their gracious smile.

There the tired beauty, pale from the pleasures
Of ballrooms, draws anxious breath,
And the dower, knowing his treasures,
Pursues him and bores him to death.
She softly condemns all debauches,
Youthful follies a wife can restrain;
Wild oats are best reaped in church porches,
Our Lady of Gain.

What are they, the Redpaths and Robsons,
A Higgs or a John Sadleir, what?
His the choice that is known as a Hobson's,
So he revels in what he has got.
From their ends and mistakes he takes warning,
We are not so careless as they,
One long, bright, and sunshiny morning
Shall be our day.

They lived in the noblest of houses,
They gave the best dinners and wine,
But their error our pity arouses,
And that error shall never be mine.
They were gorged with gold unto repletion,
But where found out, that criminal stain!
O daughter of Jew and of Grecian,
Our Lady of Gain.

Then why should I fear over-measure
To praise thee with gratitude's breath,
O glittering giver of pleasure,
And seek thee through life and through
death?

Never change shall come over my passion!
Still seek I sensation and show,
I am first in the vortex of fashion,
In ballroom and Row.

I know what a failure discovers,
But I think I'm sufficiently deep
To coin gold out of shareholding lovers,
Who go where I lead them like sheep;
If they make not their seventy times seven,
If they howl that their pleasure is pain,
Still I know that their hell is my heaven,
Our Lady of Gain.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

THE Man About Town, deeply sympathising in the difficulties which poets experience, as about other matters so often about rhymes, has determined to offer a series of valuable Prizes for the fittest and best rhymes to divers words, which members of the poetical fraternity often want to use, but find it very perplexing to deal with properly.

Of these prizes, one will be awarded every week—the word having been announced in the *Man About Town*.

The Prizes will be open to *General Competition* among all comers, upon the following condition:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarity of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

* * All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming the prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

PRIZE WORD NO. I.

Chimney.

We read in "The Rejected Addresses"—

"Thick calf, fat foot, and slim knee
Mounted a roof and chimney."

Competitors are invited, and expected, to do better than that.

CHARADE.

1.

I sat by the side of a graceful maid,
Where I often had sat before,
And gazed on the pretty brown curls that strayed
Her natural outline o'er;
And at length I managed my suit to plead,
But she was to my passion cold;
"What? May and December! No, no, indeed,"
Said she,—"you are much too old!"

2.

I essayed once more, but I spoke in vain,
For the answer (so very my first)
I received before was repeated again;
So I said, while my hopes dispersed,
"Had you been reared in a different way,
"(Say my second, my third and fourth),
"I should not with my *whore* have had to pray,
"And have gone unaccepted forth.

3.

"I have wealth (as you know), and a carriage and pair
"The *entrée* to any state ball;
"You'd have learnt that with prizes like these to share,
"A man's age doesn't matter at all!"

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER—"Breakfast." Correct answers received from E. J. C., "Slapdash," "Pimlico Tom Cat," "Rhodi-dodi." Incorrect:—"Croftile."

IN CHANCERY.

HAVING in our last number, in an article headed "In the Board-Room," followed the fortunes of the "Universal Loan, Discount, and Advance Company, Limited," from its birth up to the conclusion of the first "ordinary general meeting" of the Company, we will now proceed to show how, in a very short time, its evil deeds began to drag it down; how it was pooh-poohed by those gentlemen in the City who at one time had spoken of it as a very first-rate concern; how the Press, when the petition for "winding it up" had been presented, began to admit letters into their columns abusing the directors, manager, and secretary; and finally how, when it got into the embrace of the Court of Chancery, it dwindled away like its directors, and neither the one nor the other was heard of again, except as "that cursed swindle," or "those thieving directors." At the first gathering of the Board after the general meeting of the Company, no business whatever was done. It lasted three hours, and during that time a large amount of "Chammy" was consumed, and the only business thought of was eating and drinking. The joy of the chairman at having got so well through the difficulties of the meeting, was so great that on his putting a motion from the chair, that no business should be transacted, it was carried unanimously, but not entered on the minutes. Between the meeting of the Board and the meeting of the Company, 1,000 copies of the *Bullion Market Gazette* had been ordered by the manager, paid for, and forwarded to the shareholders. Of course this paper contained a full, true, and particular report of the meeting, so far as the speeches of the chairman and his friends were concerned. None of the objectional queries of the country shareholder found their way into its columns; but they were to be found in the *Speculators' Vade Mecum*, whose circulation was not large enough to make it worth the manager's while to take the 500 copies asked for by the proprietor; so not being bought up, it gave the objectional queries in detail, and a leader also in leaded type against the Company. Within three months of that glorious meeting at the London Tavern, the Company was on its last legs; nothing could save it, not even the "puffs" every week of the *Bullion Market Gazette*. The manager, however, thought to stave off the evil day by an amalgamation, and propositions to that effect were made to the "Far and Wide Mutual Discretionary Banking and Finance Company, Limited," whose shares of £50, with only £10 paid up, stood at but 4 discount, while those of the Universal Loan, Discount, and Advance Company were unsaleable, with £25 called thereon. Immediately the proposal was made and found likely to be accepted, Sir Matthew Pumpkin, Bart., M.P., the finance committee, and the manager began buying up the shares of their Company on the Stock Exchange, and were successful in buying 1,000 shares without causing a rise of more than 30s. a share. These investments were increased until the price had risen £4 more a share, and the shares stood at 20 to 18 discount, and by the time the amalgamation was completed, they absolutely could be sold for £12 a share, and the wire pullers found themselves possessed of some 5,000 shares at a cost of £4 per share. The announcement of the amalgamation was then made known to the shareholders, who had no idea of what had been going on, and as the announcement was made in the most flowery terms, and the *Bullion Market Gazette* had given it a strong lift, and received an order for another 1,000 copies, there was quite a rush for the shares of the "Universal Loan, Discount, and Advance Company," and the public and the shareholders were supplied with open hands by Sir Matthew Pumpkin and his friends; and although the "run" did not last a fortnight, they pocketed £4,000 each out of the little job. Of course the shares even of the amalgamated Company—now called the "Universal and Far and Wide Loan and

Discount Company, Limited"—soon collapsed. Sir Matthew, seeing the ship was in a sinking state, left it, and a month or two afterwards the remainder of the finance committee left it also in a body. There was a run on the Company shortly afterwards, not on the shares; it stopped payment, a creditor filed a petition for winding it up, and at the first meeting it was ascertained that not one shilling of the Company's money was saved, and that the balance of the unpaid capital would only give the creditors about 3s. 6d. in the pound. An official liquidator was appointed, but the manager (who, *unknown* to the directors, on a salary of £500 a year, kept up a house in Hyde Park Gardens, a second at Brighton, and a third in Kent) having decamped, it was months before anything could be made of the accounts, and it was five years before the creditors got paid, and then they received but 1s. 6d. in the pound, the difference between that sum and the 3s. 6d. promised having been spent in legal expenses, and a great many of the shareholders having proved bankrupt. We will not weary our readers with the dry details of the Court of Chancery; so many must have been shareholders in some rotten company like the "Universal Far and Wide Loan and Discount Company, Limited," that it would only be adding insult to the injuries they already have received by recounting in the winding-up process the dishonesty of directors. Let no one suppose we have overdrawn our case. The "Universal Far and Wide Loan and Discount Company" exists now—in name but in substance—in tens, ay, and in hundreds of the Companies now quoted in the official list. Shareholders are being plundered daily by their directors, and yet, strange to say, they will attend meetings, and then pass votes of confidence in the men who are robbing them. We suppose shareholders in railway Companies as a class are more robbed than any other. There is hardly a director of a railway Company to be found who does not speculate in its shares in every way, and on every possible occasion. With the knowledge two days before it is made public of the amount of the weekly returns, he buys or sells as the traffic may guide him, and he buys or sells the shares a month before the dividend is announced, with the knowledge in his pocket what that dividend will be. When an amalgamation with another Company is on the *tapis*, he buys in anticipation of its announcement, and in many English Companies and in almost all foreign ones the traffic returns are manipulated as he wishes, according to his bull or bear account. Is there no remedy for this? We can only suggest one, for our Courts of Law are absolutely powerless to prevent these wholesale robberies; and the Press, so far from exposing them, helps them on by every means in its power—and that is by putting the *heads* of the directors of the Company "into Chancery," instead of the Company itself. An assault, the expense of which would beat the outside a fiver, would surely lead to a summons, and a summons would bring out the reasons for it, which it would be impossible for the Press to withhold from the public. Considering we have lately seen the directors of a Company absolutely re-elected after their dividends had been declared "shams" by a Vice-Chancellor, considering that at the last meeting of the *Crédit Mobilier* Company, attended by Mr. Albert Grant, its President, he was received with enthusiasm, it is evident shareholders will not put their shoulders to the wheel to avoid absolute and unconditional calamity, and that some startling remedy is required to stop the "Claude Duval" style of robbery that is now going on all around. It is all very well for our Press to be writing as it does, in a professed spirit of horror at the robberies openly committed in the "Jack Sheppard" way by the directors of the Erie Railway Company in America. We do things as bad, and I believe even worse in this country, and the records of the Court of Chancery if fairly unveiled would demonstrate the fact; the only difference we can find being that it is done here in a quiet sort of way, whilst abroad they do not take the pains we do to conceal their crimes. But, after all, we think the foreign robber is the less dangerous customer of the two, for as every man when he deals with a Jew expects to be done, and therefore keeps his eyes open, Englishmen have an idea that in a British merchant they have some guarantee for fidelity, and they do not find out their mistake until too late.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OTHELLO.—The subject is too remote, and the execution too careless.

DAN (Dublin).—You should wear flannel.

JEUNE VEUVE.—We regret that we cannot assist you. Recollect you have been "helped once," and should give the fasting a chance.

CHERIE.—The *Saturday Review* is wrong. The accent is as we have placed it. For so acute a journal the error is a grave one.

ANOTHER ADMIRER OF BEALES, M.A.—There are, then, two of you!

FELIX LEO.—There are no Lions in Exeter Change now—only Lions.

W. J. L.—Your suggestion has been under our consideration. We intend to adopt various modifications and improvements before long, and that will probably be one of them.

LIVERPOOL CUP.—We cannot give "private information." "The Outsider" spares neither trouble nor expense to give his readers the best and earliest racing intelligence procurable: you must be content with that. If you prefer other "prophets" we hope it will not be to your "loss."

CANICULA.—1. Try the Arca nut. 2. Give plenty of gentle exercise, and restrict her diet. 3. The entries close on the 1st of November.

P. P.—Received with thanks.

E. BERRY.—We regret that we have no room at present for such contributions.

J. H. APTED.—We have no opening, or should be glad to avail ourselves of your offer.

CROFTILE.—(1.) Your suggestion is under consideration. (2.) We do not advise investment on the horse you name at present.

BENGALIE should know better; Hyder Ali is neither a continent nor an island, as he seems to suppose. It is—or rather was—a London thoroughfare leading out of Cranbourne alley. But both have been pulled down years ago.

EIGHT HOURS.—Things, or at all events, names, must have changed since you were at London-sur-le-Mer. You will not now find any "Lady Sale" upon the sea, but a "Lady for Sale" can be found upon the shore without any difficulty.

A BACKER OF BOULOGNE AT STARTING PRICE.—You have been shamefully robbed by the *reporter* of the daily Press. What the consideration for "standing in" with the Commissioners was we do not know, but you had better write to him and ask the question. The matter is alluded to in *Turf Talk*, by the "Outsider." This is not an exceptional case; a fair price is the exception.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

ONCE heard a youth who was flattening his nose against a confectioner's window soliloquise in manner following, that is to say:—"I wish I was obligated to be chucked in among them pies with a tanner in my pocket." I could wish, if time, and health, and duty permitted, that I could be thrust into a country house of my acquaintance, and detained there during Her Majesty's pleasure. The life at "Hollywood" or "The Beeches" seems to me about the pleasantest which can be vouchsafed to a sound mind enclosed in a sound body. Surely the *Saturday Reviewer* who inveighs so bitterly against it must have been shot in the leg, or thrown at an easy jump, or refused by an heiress, or have found no cold partridge when late for breakfast at one of the institutions he condemns. The last contingency is, perhaps, the most probable, for breakfast is the first and apparently the most serious article in the charge brought forward against country-house life. No one, the writer asserts, except Mr. Kingsley, can really like a country-house breakfast. One comes down to it, according to this authority, like a collapsed wind-bag, with facial muscles in a state of rigidity, profoundly bored, intensely cross,

and a prey generally to the deepest gloom. With a mind inclining to the consideration of worms and epitaphs, the necessity for smiles and small talk is almost insufferable. The lot of Selkirk, Crusoe, a monk of La Trappe—of any lone and miserable sinner—is preferable to that of the "Man at the Breakfast Table." It is "miserable," excruciating, and so on, and so on, as if he were writing of a dentist's. Well, if this be the normal state of the S. R., he must be a pleasant fellow to sit next. He should never have a chance with the broiled mushrooms if I could out-manceuvre him.

To me breakfast represents the pleasantest meal digested in a country house. Indoor luncheon is well-nigh unknown to males; at dinner one is apt to be too hungry, or too tired, to fully appreciate the interchange of small talk with one's neighbour, which the S. R. intimates that he might then prefer to salmi and Roederer. But at breakfast, unless the night have been a "warm" one, which after a properly-passed day is improbable, one is *alive*, washed, combed, clothed, and in one's right mind. If there be any freshness or *vis* in the S. R.'s abused frame, he should feel it now, or for ever hold his peace. If he is a wreck among the egg-shells, what must he be at dessert!

In a material point of view the first meal of the day could give the rest a rump and a dozen. The cunning hot side-dishes, the cold splendour of the side-board, the country bread, butter, and cream, the fruit, the honey—all the fresh, unworldly paraphernalia of a breakfast-table in the shires—appeal eloquently to the eye and mouth of a connoisseur. Then the letter-bag is in itself both pepsine and sal-volatile. Who ever cares about letters until he receives them at breakfast after a week or two's absence from town? Domestic news has twice the flavour when it reaches you in Norfolk; duns lose half their sting when "forwarded" to the heart of a mildland county by a discreet hand; the paper (even if yesterday's) has a crisper touch, and a good murder comes out with double relish. And perhaps the aspect of Venus in the House is not somewhat! Why, the fresh, fair, unfatigued faces of the rosebud garden of girls, in their pretty morning gear, at Sir Poodle Faker's, is worth a wilderness of dinners with the same treasures resplendent in the trappings of Worth or Elise. The arrangements for the day (unless Sir Poodle insists on taking you into the market town to see him on the magistrates' bench), instead of being calculated to cause profound boredom and intense crossness, find most people, I should think, in the happiest frame of mind, ready and willing, unless they have a boil, to join in those delights which the Temple or the Albany cannot afford. If he loves not sport, or, as the S. R. puts it, "cannot shoot and to knit is ashamed," cannot stand the library, and shuns insertion or crochet, let the visitor, in Heaven's name, go and sit under a cucumber-frame, in the still-room, or, *sur son séant*, with the fat, foolish scullion in his lair. He has no right to bring his dyspepsia into the shires. Let him go home. Let him go to church. Let him, at all events, go away. The foundation of an Androgynœum might be an excellent thing for the amphibious creature who will neither hunt with the men nor knit with the maids. But there is no reason for saddling the country house with it. Salisbury Plain or Middleham Moor would be the kind of spot appropriate for the purpose. Here the A. C. might breakfast by himself, and be afflicted neither by top-boots, matutinal small talk, diamond *parures*, nor scheming dowagers; and where they would not be annoyed by him. For it seems to me a grave question whether the "Reform" so stringently advocated be not more urgently needed by the "Member" than by the "House."

Until very recently it seems to have been the policy of every stage manager to throw as many difficulties in the way of his patrons as possible. The houses were, as a rule, gloomy, dingy, badly ventilated, and approached by evil and dangerous paths. The seats, secured by bribery and corruption, were hard, narrow, and designed apparently to keep the stage as much out of sight as possible. The dust and draught—one of which would not wash down the other—were ubiquitous. Refreshments were of high price and infamous quality. Fees were taken by everybody for doing nothing, and nobody but the hapless visitor. Finally, the hours at which the performance commenced and ended were so regulated that no one could without extreme inconvenience witness either the beginning or end of any given programme. The rise of the curtain in particular was fixed for such an hour that no one who valued his digestion could by any possibility see the *lever du rideau*, and when even he made his appearance in time for the *pièce de résistance* it was with flushed face, tightening waistcoat, a sense of impending apoplexy, and the knowledge that an evening of dyspeptic agony was to be the price for the noble concession made to his "family" or, I may say, "dress" circle. Much of this has been reformed indifferently well, something has been reformed altogether. The construction of our theatres since Mr. Boucicaut took the matter in hand, and added the word "auditorium" to our vocabulary, has been greatly improved. It is now possible to arrive pleasantly, to sit comfortably, to recruit one's jaded powers on wholesome fare, and to get out without annoyance. Attention to the comfort of those who pay their money, but have not hitherto been allowed much choice, has been accorded with something like freedom. Stalls do not now always mean sneezing, nor boxes catarrh. Theatres are in some sort habitable buildings, and in one or two the patient is not even robbed.

But in one point we have been as behind the requirements of civilisation as was the case when tragedy rumbled in a cart, and rival dramatists measured their strength against each other for a goat. It is essential to the proper appreciation of a dramatic performance in the present day that we should have dined—I may even say, have well dined—before sitting down to five acts and 13 tableaux. Even with the additional grace accorded by the slightly amended hours of some houses, the necessity of eating and digesting one's meals, reaching the theatre, and settling calmly in one's place by 7.30 is a stern one, quite sufficient with many persons of a certain age to prevent their patronising an entertainment which so materially interferes with the great business of life. However, as an evening is among respectable people limited in duration, the hour for "ringing up" could hardly be much later than at present arranged, so that there is only one way out of the difficulty—to dine (like Mr. Jorrocks) where one "plays." The opening of the Gaiety Restaurant, at the slow progress of which I have long champed my bit, has at length rendered this great desideratum possible. We may now dine calmly and comfortably with our womankind within a few yards of the stage, enjoy one's coffee and *puro* afterwards, and stalk, stroll, or skip, according to temperament, into one's place, and compose one's self to listen without the fear of sleep or asphyxia. A greater boon to the theatre goer could not have been accorded. The restaurant is fitted up in a costly and complete manner, has an excellent cook, and is suited to all pockets. It carries its own recommendation with it, and is so certain of success that it needs not my good word. Yet it has it, and my blessing.

The *Gaiety Gazette*, of which one is reminded in this connection, is not good.

With such a list of contributors it should be readable and amusing, but—it isn't. However, slipping in "first numbers" is always a trying process, and when the ship gets fairly under weigh it will no doubt have calm sea and prosperous voyages. While on this tack I will just say, for the benefit of country people, grave-diggers, and dwellers in the Isle of Sheppey that "Petsetilla's Posy," the fairy extravagance in *Fun*, is a charming piece of drollery, the delicate satire of which is excellently seconded by the quaint and humorous illustrations by which it is accompanied. There is also, I am surprised to see, something good in this week's *Punch* in "Choice Specimens of Early English," which is funny writ and capitably drawn—author and artist being, I imagine, Mr. Du Maurier.

The villainous crime of abduction of children, so much on the increase, appears generally referable to the desire on the part of some female cat to inflict vicarious punishment on a master or mistress for some supposed injury, by carrying off and ill-treating their unoffending child. It is not for the purpose of piling my anathemas on the heap devoted to the head of the wretched woman Barry that I publish this discovery; but rather for the sake of drawing attention to the equally recondite fact that, averse as one is to suffering for another, the process is, when reversed, by no means without a certain charm. I recollect, when a callow fledgling, being taken out of church on a false charge of having played odd and even during the Litany, in the custody of the beadle, a spectacle to men and gods. The real offender saw my Church discipline, and something else of mine also under discipline next morning, and made no sign. He became bankrupt some years ago to my intense joy, and if I could have procured his imprisonment, by so doing I think I would have borne false witness before that learned pig, Mr. Commissioner Bacon. But it is quite different when you are the aggressor. I was walking some time ago—never mind where—but somewhere which reminds the visitor of a previous state of existence in which he has turned a mill. In the press I encountered two young ladies, extraordinarily pink and white, and showing more of the work round their petticoats than society generally sanctions, and was compelled to listen to a fragment of their discourse. "I've often and often said to my uncle—" said the pinker of the two. Now what demon prompted me I know not, but it is too true that, feminising my voice as much as possible, I completed her sentence for her thus: "How much will you lend on this?" and that the upper cut she landed on her companion's left eye was not altogether disagreeable to my feelings. I am aware of the debasing nature of the confession, but the truth before all things.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE has been for years the football of theatrical speculators. It has been opened by all conditions of men and women for every variety of purpose. Almost everybody with a taste for the "drummer" and a couple of pounds in his pocket, has been manager for a week or two during a season, which, beginning with a "standard" play, generally abruptly terminated by a strike of the orchestra. Save in the blissful moments—moments, to quote Mr. Bantam, snatched from Paradise—when the place has been in the occupation of the French, the history of the English "Court Theatre at Versailles" has been one unbroken round of failure, more dismal and complete than that of the Lyceum itself. With such a past, Mrs. Wood, whose successful appearance some three years since on the London boards will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, must be possessed of a well-balanced mind, with "account" to match, to take the helm of so ill-starred a ship. She deserves every

credit for her courage, especially as it has been supplemented by so much good taste, liberality, and enterprise that she has proved, whatever be the issue of her venture, that she deserves success. The theatre has been thoroughly redecorated, the tasteful changes including the disendowment and disestablishment of the pit, which has been improved from the face of the auditorium. The entire aspect of the house, so long a prey to the squalor and dust of ages of failure and mismanagement, is now light, bright, and attractive, and may, we trust, prove an earnest of the brighter days in store for a house for which, in spite of all its sins, we retain a very kindly feeling. A pretty, sparkling little operetta by Offenbach preceded, and a ballet concluded the *pièce de résistance* of the evening—the fresh, genial, thoroughly English comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*. Of a piece so intimately known nothing need be said but that it was admirably put on the stage and fairly played. The good taste, accuracy, and completeness of the *mise-en-scène*, due in no slight degree to the experience and skill of Mr. Planché, was remarkable. Of the acting we shall speak more at length hereafter.

The Surrey Theatre, which has passed into the hands of Mrs. Charles Pitt, has recently seen the production of a "new and romantic drama," by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, which bids fair to have a successful career among the dwellers in Mesopotamia. (No relation of him of Montargis) is a very sensational, telling piece, full of the "thrilling effects" so dear to the transpontine mind. The piece is neatly constructed, and far from ill-written, and being placed on the stage with taste and liberality, and very fairly acted, deserves the success which it is sure to attain. Madame Celeste, who sustains the leading character, shows that she still retains the energetic characteristics which made her so long the idol of the old Adelphi, and constitutes largely to the triumph of the dog.

We must confine ourselves to the bare announcement of the substitution of *The Gamester* for *Plain English* at the Holborn Theatre; and the impending production of *New Men and Old Acres*, a new comedy by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg, in which the "whole strength" of the Haymarket company will be put forth.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

THE race for the Newmarket Derby on the last day of the Second October Meeting must not be passed over in silence. It was a very interesting race, and at the same time a very disappointing one. It was interesting because it proved how much Pretender must have gone off since the last time he set foot on the heath, by his inability to concede 7lbs. to Boulogne, notwithstanding the fact that such a bonus is an immense "pull" over a severe course like the last mile and a half of the Beacon Course. But for all that, Pretender, the winner of the Guineas and the Derby, should have been equal to the occasion, and had he been himself he would. The statements of some writers that he cannot stay is all nonsense, and we shall find it so next year, when I confidently expect to see him carry his sire's performances at Ascot, and out of the Cup his stable companion failed this year by ill-temper to win.

I hope we have heard the last of Martyrdom as a first-class race-horse. His St. Leger second, was as great a fluke as his defeat of Pero Gomez at Ascot. He is an arrant cur at all times, but when he does try he is but second class. The Stewards' Cup at Goodwood a year or two hence, if he stands on his legs—which is very doubtful, with 7st. 0lb. on his back—will be just suited to him, if he can get off well and is never collared.

The Newmarket Derby was a disappointing race, because the backers of Pretender and Martyrdom lost their money, and the backers of Boulogne at starting price were either by design or ignorance robbed of half their winnings. A backer of horses has to put up with a great deal. His fancy for a race may go amiss before the race, may break down during the race, or be disqualified after the race for not carrying the proper

weight. He may be made "safe" by the trainer, the stable-boy, or the jockey; and it seems now that even if he gets over all those difficulties, and is declared the winner, his backer at starting price will only obtain half he is entitled to. *Boulogne's price in the ring, and all round it, at the start, was 20 to 1, and yet all the daily papers (except the Times) return his price at 10, and the Sporting Life and Sportsman follow suit.* One reporter reports for all the dailies—except the Times—and for the *Sporting Life*. I am not sure about the *Sportsman*; but supposing the *Sportsman* is reported for by its own representative, after all, there were but two who went in for half price. The *Times* gave it 20 to 1 on the day of the race, likewise the *Evening Standard*; so did the *Field*, so did the *Sunday Times*, so did *Bell's Life*; and the *Sporting Gazette* gave it 25. Now, this is a very serious matter for backers at starting prices, and the question naturally arises—was Boulogne's price returned as 10 to 1 by these two reporters by ignorance or design? That the horse's price at starting was 20 to 1 at least, is beyond any possible doubt, and an explanation is due from the two reporters in question, and if it is not given, the public will know what to think. 10 to 1 taken about Boulogne by one, two, or even three men, will not make his starting price 10 to 1. One flat is not to dictate starting prices, and it is a fact beyond dispute that 100 to 5 bar two was the current price all over the ring, and was roared out lustily by the book-makers. A gentleman I am acquainted with backed Boulogne for £30 at starting price with the City Leviathan. The Leviathan always settles according to the price returned by the *Daily Telegraph*. No blame can be attached to him, therefore, although he only returns £300 for the £30, for I have every reason to know him to be a man of honour; but that the backer has been "done" by the reporter out of £300 is a fact beyond dispute, and he has to grin and bear his loss without a hope of redress.

For six long weary days next week does Newmarket hold its revels, and during those six days but five races will be worth looking at—viz., the Criterion, the Cambridgeshire, the two Nurserys, and the Houghton Handicap; and as the three last-named have yet to close, I have only two events left to deal with—viz., the Criterion and the Cambridgeshire.

In the Criterion, Lord Falmouth has Kingcraft (7 lbs. extra) and Atlantis (4 lbs. extra), engaged, and the question, therefore, to be considered is—What can beat either of them? It is questionable whether Mr. Merry will run Macgreggor, as he is not fit yet, but if he did I should look no further for the winner, as I know he is considered a wonder at home, and proving himself one is only a question of time. Sunlight could win if he tried, but after the cowardly way I saw him "cut" it in his race with Atlantis last week, I cannot advise an investment on him.

I had great hopes of Nobleman, because John Scott and all his belongings considered him a clipper, but I shall never have to say anything more in the horse's favour hereafter as far as the Derby is concerned, for he is entered for a Nursery at Shrewsbury!! Only fancy, a future Derby winner being seen there! I have trusted my pony to the Malton crack (?) at 40 to 1, but it will be a lesson to me in future to distrust Malton "good things." Normanby I will not believe in, and there is no other horse in the race that has been out, likely to upset Lord Falmouth's selected one. If Macgreggor runs I shall stand him against all runners, and he should be backed for the Derby at the tempting price of 33 to 1. In Macgreggor's absence I do not see how Lord Falmouth can lose with whichever of his two he runs, Kingcraft or Atlantis.

The field for the Cambridgeshire is not likely to equal that of last year, when it reached twenty-four; in fact, in spite of the long list of offers seen daily in the papers, I do not see where more than twenty or twenty-two are to come from. To show what a splendid handicap it is, I find the long price of 200 to 1 is offered against forty-seven of the acceptances; 100 to 1 against twenty-nine more; 66 to 1 against six more; 50 to 1 against eight more! Those likely to see the post are the following, viz.—Prior, Chérie, Far Away, Typhous, Sylva, Vestminster, Miss Dayrell, Perry Down, Rosierucian, Cocoa Nut, Van Amburgh, Defender, Provider, Lopez, Vallation

gelding; one, or perhaps two, of Bloss's—Charnwood, Jove, Phantom, Taraban, Grasshopper filly, Cerdagne, and Mille de Fligny. Of these I am bold enough to say I do not believe the following have more than the most extreme outside chance, and as they must have been well "roped and aired" to possess a better chance than that, I shall dispose of them at once in a lot, viz.—Rosierucian, the Vallation gelding, Charnwood, Jove, Taraban, the Grasshopper filly, and Cocoa Nut. With each of the others I will deal shortly.

Prior has been a great favourite for weeks; nothing has shaken his position, and his friends all speak of the race as over. His performances certainly do not give him a 7 to 1 chance, and his price is one very tempting to undertakers; but for all that he is as firm as a rock, and a great many knowing men are going for him. However, from another source I hear the horse has never been tried with Fichu at all, and does not possess a 1000 to 10 chance. When doctors differ in this extraordinary manner, it is better to leave their patient alone, and beyond, at the most, investing a saving stake on him at the post, I should not meddle with him.

Chérie (one advised by me before the Cesarewitch was decided—at 25 to 1) as the winner of the long race when she had recently been amiss, is entitled to every respect; Mat Dawson also fancies her very much, which is at least five points in her favour, and if the charm of never winning the double event with the same horse is to be broken Mr. Naylor has a capital chance of doing so with the daughter of Stockwell and Chère Amie.

Typhous (another of my selections at 25 to 1) has been doing capital work all the week, and until Thursday was very firm in the market; why he should have gone shaky on that day, and been sent to 33 to 1 to-day (Friday) I do not know, as the horse is very well and John Dawson very sanguine. That he will beat Rosierucian, bar accidents, is a moral, and he is very likely to get a place, and should any accidents happen to the light-weighted favourites he will win.

Far Away (my third selection at 25 to 1) has been as unsteady in the market as any horse owned by Mr. Payne and trained by Tom Dawson could be, but I like him none the worse for that, and if he comes to his post well on Tuesday next, nothing but an unknown Vacuum will defeat him. On his public form his chance is A 1, and with the trying tackle at Tom Dawson's command it is hardly possible for him to make a mistake.

Vestminster and Van Amburgh I take together, as they run in the same interest. Of the two I hold the latter in more respect, and I think he in turn will have to give way to the juveniles.

Sylva must be dangerous; in the Cesarewitch she ran remarkably well, and if Heather Bell's running in the Newmarket Oaks is to be depended upon, Sylva and Heather Bell are almost one and the same animal. As Chérie, however, beat her before, I think she will again be too much for her, and I hope it will prove to be the case, for no one can wish to see her owner successful after the Royal Head and See-Saw doings.

Miss Dayrell has won a great trial and cleaned out Blanton's lot, including Provider; but for all that, as I believe Sylva might have finished before Provider in the Cesarewitch, she will, in my opinion, finish before his home victor in the Cambridgeshire.

Perry Down, considering Jennings has a "hundred" on him at 50 to 1, must prove a dangerous customer for the favourites. He has a great weight to carry, but his "third" in the Guineas is a great recommendation, and I have such excellent accounts of him I must advise an investment on him to win, and 1, 2, 3. He never broke down in the Derby, he only twisted a plate and lamed himself, but he is all right now, and is sure to run a great horse.

Lopez, I believe, mastered his rider in the Cesarewitch and run away with him, and but for that mishap it is thought he would have won. Without going that length, I believe he would have got a place; but I shall again expect to see him finish behind Chérie and Sylva.

Cerdagne and Mille de Fligny represent the foreigners, but for neither have I any fancy.

Phantom I dare not trust again yet, but he

will win a great handicap some day, as he is a great horse, and his Cesarewitch running was all wrong. Defender is a very mysterious animal; he belongs to a "small" man, and is trained by a "small" trainer, and there has been some difficulty about the money. He is a good horse, and a grand looking one, and in other hands I should regard his chance as second to none. Matters may be arranged satisfactorily now, and he may start a great favourite and win, as he is quite good enough if wanted. He should not be allowed to run loose, in case of accidents. I now come to the summing-up. A fortnight since I selected five, viz., Chérie, Far Away, Typhous (all trained by the brothers Dawson), Defender, and Vacuum—the last-named went to the bad, or I should not have had to look further for the winner. In his place I shall substitute Perry Down, and although the above-named four have seen grand hedging, I must stand on two only, and they shall be

FAR AWAY and CHERIE.

PERRY DOWN will get a place.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A peck in the race
Often proves the disgrace
Of many a thorough-bred flyer;
But a Peck in the stable
May prove to be able
To win the great race with *The Friar*.

GRATZ HOPES.

IN THE ARENA.

THE Amateur Athletic Club, in addition to its annual champion and other meetings for athletics, holds a boxing champion meeting, for the heavy, middle, and light weights (the very handsome prizes having been presented to the club by the Marquis of Queensberry). These meetings, however, have not met with the success which we should like to have seen; indeed, the "noble art" appears to be quite at a discount among our Corinthian athletes. It cannot be for the reason that the "P. R." itself has fallen to the lowest depths, that boxing among our athletes is so slightly patronised. Nevertheless, the few competitors that have presented themselves at these meetings have decidedly shown good sound knowledge of the science, and in some one or two cases a decided mastery of it; indeed, for a combination of elegance, good defence, and sharp, hard hitting, the superior to the middle weight champion, Mr. H. J. Chinnery (a brother of the celebrated mile runner), could not be easily found. We feel certain that this branch of athletics brings into play more muscles than any other, and it is, therefore, if only on this account, that our athletes should practise it during their training. We anticipate with confidence that future meetings will be more successful in their number of aspirants to proficiency in the art of self-defence.

The Richmond Cricket Club held their first autumnal meeting on the 9th inst. with considerable success, although the entries were somewhat limited. The meeting deserves more than passing notice, from the fact that the entries for the open handicaps were conspicuous by the almost total absence of the "hybrid species of amateurs." In fact, the names were entirely of those entitled to rank as "amateurs"—a very unusual thing now-a-days, as the introduction of this "breed" has caused several of our *bona fide* amateurs to decide that they will not run again until it is definitely decided whether the members of certain cliques are to be allowed to compete as amateurs or not. The following are the results of the principal competitions:—120 yards hurdle was won by Mr. Ommoney, after a rather "tight fit" with Mr. Gosling; the 120 yards flat race was perhaps one of the finest specimens of handicapping we have ever witnessed. The final heat (in which eight competed) resulted in a dead heat between Mr. W. Collett and Mr. G. Nixon (of cricketing celebrity), with the others all within two yards. In the "run off," the necessity for having duly qualified persons to act as starter and judge was again demonstrated, this time in the case of the former functionary, who, after missing several opportunities for a capital start, ended by

snapping the pistol (possibly through nervousness) when the scratch man was not within at least a yard of his post and totally unprepared for the signal; so what might have been an exciting race ended in Mr. Nixon racing over the course by himself. The quarter-mile race was won also by Mr. Nixon, whose "form" must be pretty good. Mr. Wheeler, of Wimbledon School, carried off the half-mile in a canter, and we think with practice and age he will make more than an average performer. A bicycle race terminated the proceedings, which was noticeable, if only from its novelty, and from the fact that the winner "made" and rode his own velocipede. The prizes were afterwards presented to the winners by Lady Chichester, wife of the President of the Club.

The London Athletic Club hold a meeting this (Saturday) afternoon. The programme draws attention by having two races for "maiden" or novice members who cannot even lay claim to the honour of being up to now the happy possessors of either a first, second, or third prize. The only result of these races will be that from among the long list of moderate amateurs, two can be struck off, by having lost their "maidenhood." The honorary secretary of this club achieved some notoriety when secretary of the Thames Rowing Club sports, by being the originator of "Obstacles" races, but he has completely out-Heroded Herod by his performance in issuing this programme, for which the *crack runners must thank him* for leaving them out in the cold without a race, and offering deliberately a premium for bad runners.

The various College Clubs at Oxford and Cambridge are now busy with their programmes for the ensuing season, when we shall take great pleasure in chronicling their doings.

COVERT SHOOTING.

IT is passing strange how great the influence this least strange of all shooting recreations exercises over the modern race of gunners. Save the art of holding straight, it calls forth the aptitude of a man for field sport in a less degree than any other known to Blaine. And yet it is the most popular. Setting aside driving days, a man must at least walk, even supposing he has no idea of managing a beat on his own account, to enjoy partridge shooting. To bag grouse, he must work still harder, and unless condition be there, will find his hand a little shaky after collaring a stiff brace to a point. Not so for covert shooting as generally practised. A man may drive in a pony carriage to his allotted post, find he has to walk only a few hundred yards (with assistance if required), and then with guns ready loaded for him he can, if hand and eye be only true to each other, proceed to make his bag. For that matter, he may sit in an easy chair, and have a hot-water bottle for his feet if he wishes it; or, like the fire-eating Major in India, who preferred to shoot tigers comfortably, have his fire-arms laid out on a table, with brandy-pance on it, and have the game beaten up to his post; the only difference being that the tiger would most probably, unless wounded, bolt from before the face of the Shikaree, while the pheasant may think he was there to feed them, and persist in coming unpleasantly close. To be serious, however, covert shooting as now managed is not only the least sporting, but by far the most dangerous gunning in which a man can indulge. In spite of every caution and pre-caution, young ones and, for the matter of that, old ones too, at times when in a hot corner, will blaze away, without due regard to the vicinity of a neighbour's head; and perhaps there is nothing much more difficult than to keep a party of shooters who cannot see each other in line, where the covert is thick. Men of anxious temperament will work forward for a thin place, regardless of the danger they incur and the disagreeable reminiscences they may entail on any unfortunate being who may chance to pot them. Already has one instance occurred this season, in which an accident was brought about by this very cause, although as yet few regular preserves have been touched. I myself was a few years ago nearly the innocent cause of "homicide by misadventure" under similar circumstances. We were shooting a small covert of fir-trees (which

I am sure all my racing readers will recognise when I mention Sadlier's Plantation, on Houghton Down, situated about half way on the left hand side between "The Bush" and the distant post on Stockbridge racecourse) when a hare came within range, and I let drive at her. The next instant a shout and a bound, as though a stag had been roused, made my hair stand on end, and tearing through the trees came one of the party, looking as pale as his veritable ghost could have done. He had slipped on to a thin place, unknown to the rest of us, and my shot had torn up the ground at his feet and covered him with soil and stones; thank Heaven, doing no greater mischief than giving him a somewhat strong reminder to be more prudent in future. Careless to the—may, over the—verge of foolhardiness as he was, it gave him a great shock, and I need hardly add that I cared no more about shooting during that day. I have never forgotten it, and I trust he never will. In the open, gun accidents are ninety-nine times out of every hundred the fault of the man who holds the weapon. In covert they may occur, as I have shown, through the carelessness of those who without thought put themselves in the way of a charge of shot. We have all heard of the short-sighted old gentleman who fired fourteen times through the stuff at a keeper's leather gaiters under the impression that he had a hare sitting up to listen. But it is far from a joking matter to stand a charge of shot, and the said shooter must have held wide and allowed for windage, I fancy. One of the best things I ever heard of covert shooting was the case of a man who borrowed a gun, spaniel, and shooting pony from a friend, to visit a manor over which he had obtained a day's leave. Arrived at his destination, he, with all the care of a cockney for horse flesh, tied his pony at the covert's edge and commenced his beat. His first shot was at a hare, in which he was not altogether unsuccessful, as he bagged the spaniel. Serve him right, I say, as he had no business "chasing," and was evidently not steady from "fleck." Perhaps his owner thought differently. Not to be done, our hero went on and contrived to burst the gun without injuring himself, and then returned to find that he had tied up the pony in a way which made hanging a necessity should he move; and the poor brute, unconscious of his being in the situation so graphically set forth by Cooper in *The Prairie*, had, in attempting to crop some grass, struggled into the ditch, cast himself, and paid the penalty with his life. This may appear an overdrawn picture, but I can vouch for the truth of it in every particular. To return to covert shooting: save the battue, it is now of little import. Nevertheless there are places away down in Devon, in the Highlands, and in the Sister Isle where a really good mixed bag can be made, where even yet a team of spaniels is worth possession, and their merry notes are allowed to precede the sound of "Mark cock" or the rattle of the pheasant as he rises on the wing. But they are few and far between. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, for dogs must be very well broken to show sport in covert where they are out of sight oftener than not, and *know it*. I never knew the dog or horse that would not take a liberty if he could, and I have had some little experience amongst them. People at the rate we go now have not the time (neither do they want for amusement as their ancestors did) to get themselves into all these details. Left to servants it is imperfectly done, and the beater has been substituted—a loss as regards sport, I admit, but it certainly is no loss that a country gentleman has other occupations, which preclude his devoting his whole time to horse, dog, or hawk. I suspect that the expenditure of time and attention found necessary to the pursuit has had quite as much to do with the decline of falconry as the introduction of fire-arms; and the same cause holds good with shooting dogs. Where good ones are to be obtained and keepers will do their duty by them they add a wonderful charm to sport, but nothing is so tiresome as to have shots lost by the misbehaviour of badly broken dogs. I feel inclined to give them the charge that the bird should have received. In fact, shooting over bad ones of any kind is a delusion and a snare. You had better put up with beaters than attempt it. But get good ones, and a man who has the knack of making them do their duty, coverts moderately stocked with a

variety of game, and you may then exclaim with better reason than some who have raised the cry, "Here's sport indeed!" One word by the way: when you are in the coverts kill a good pigeon; hang him well, and when fit to dress after drawing, stuff him with a Yarmouth blower; roast with toast under, as for wood-cock; and when you have dined, telegraph the result. I started by speaking of the influence covert shooting exercises over sportsmen of the present day. For this there are two sufficient reasons. It is costly as now carried out, and it is fashionable; but it is no more to be compared to a good day with grouse or partridge over dogs than an hour or two's gallop after the turned out deer over the vale of Aylesbury is to a rattling burst with a dog fox over the same happy hunting grounds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We print the subjoined letter, although rather late, because the writer has sent it us, and seems to wish it. But—has he polished off all the champagne?]

Friday, Oct. 16.

DEAR MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Blow the trumpets, beat the drums; clash the cymbals, bang the gongs. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Brighton's blue sea.* Play on sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music. Place the four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row. Awake, late and harp! Spread over Ocean his *anarithmon gelasma*. Let the floods clap their hands. Request the little hills to continue skipping and hopping until further notice. Beg Universal Pan to knit himself with the Graeces and Houris and dance away. Order Lalage to appear perpetually *dulce subridens*. Wallop Old Joe if he dares to leave off kicking up behind and before. Trip it on the light fantastic toe. Set all Barbadoes' bulls ringing. Merrily dance with the Quaker's wife. Make the welkin roar. Chant endless LO PANS. Shout EVGE BACCHE. Instruct Laughter how to hold all his sides. Leap up to the seven skies. Jump out of several skins.

When all this is done, sing a song of multitudinous sixpences; for did not your "Outsider" give me a pick of seven horses—"we are seven" sings Wordsworth—out of which the Cesswater winner would spring? Did I not take them as they came? And how did they come? Chérie first, John Davis second, and five others. And how did they pass the post? Chérie first, John Davis second, and seventeen others!

So I backed them, at various odds, for a "place" and with a "start"—and very satisfactory results.

Done—in ponies? Done and done. With you? And with you? Again? And again. *Encore! Et encore. Mais oui, m'sieur.*

In ponies! Would it had been monkeys—a "wilderness of monkeys," as Shakespeare says.

But I try not to be discontented as it is; and as I have endeavoured to show in what I have written above. Meanwhile, in a spirit of calm resignation and patient hope, I await the arrival of

SETTLING DAY.

RACING FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

Newmarket Houghton. 25 | Ludlow 29

STEEPLE-CHASE FIXTURES, 1869.

OCTOBER.

Gilsland 21 | West Drayton 21
Hereford 21

NOVEMBER.

Kingsbury 2	Kingsbury Autumn 5
Old Rock and Chichester 3	Eglington Hunt 6
Worcester 3	Liverpool 9
Lincoln 4	Shrewsbury 15
Edgware 5	Leamington Hunt 23
St. Alban's 5	Croydon 30

INDEX TO THE CLOSING OF STAKES

OCTOBER.

Hereford (noon) 19	Kingsbury 21
Lincoln (noon) 19	Lincoln 22
Lincoln Autumn 19	Leamington Hunt 26
Newmarket 19	

* Brighton's blue sea is pretty enough when it is blue; and the climate is hygienic (sometimes), and the place enjoyable generally—but the less said about the "timbrels" the better.—ED. M. A. T.

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The Cesarewitch.
On the River.

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The Report and accounts for the year 1868, presented to the Shareholders at the ANNUAL MEETING, on Thursday, 27th May, 1869, at which BESANT HALL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, presided, showed, in the

LIFE BRANCH, That 555 Policies had been completed and issued, insuring the sum of	£235,246
Yielding in New Premiums	6,697
That there was added to the Life Fund a sum equal to 69 per cent. of the net premiums, viz.	25,313
Increasing that Fund from £31,840 to	110,153

IN THE
FIRE BRANCH,
That the Premiums for 1868, after deducting re-insurances, amounted to £123,129, being an increase of £18,141 on the net income of 1867.

A portion of the balance at the disposal of the Shareholders was appropriated in payment of a Dividend of 7 per cent.
The Fire Reserve Fund was increased to £30,000 by the addition of £4,571.
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